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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Puck's Platform: Play the Game with the Cards on the Table.

WHAT OUR Socialist friends do not seem to grasp is the fact that streets and squares and parks belong to all the people all the time; not to a part of the people any part of the time. Our millionaire Socialists are quite able to hire Madison Square Garden, or any other large private space, and a great many people will be glad to hear the speeches which they have not been able to get out of their systems. It is only a step from seizing a street or square to throwing up barricades. We haven't got to that yet.



THE CONTROLLER OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK.

As the Senate has become the more representative of the houses of Congress there is more point than formerly to the proposition that Senators be elected by direct vote.

Looking down from the gallery on the members of the House of Representatives one is reminded of the Chinese, who, so students of the yellow empire tell us, are devoid of allegiance to a central government, but entirely loyal to the various trusts which control the commerce of the country.

He is wise in counsel. His judgment is deliberate and sound. He possesses a steadfast purpose and conservative courage. His heart is kind, his sympathies sincere and wise, his dignity modest, but real; his sense of justice exact, equal and abiding. His private life is pure, his home life ideal, his public life unblemished. —*Indiana Republicans on Fairbanks.*

In short, he is too good to be true. Take him away and bring us something human.

A BRITISH SCIENTIST announces that the axis of the earth is tilting. That's encouraging. Even the old earth is making an effort to be upright and become, equatorially speaking, on the level.

MR. BRYAN is not only an "absolute moral force in the world," as the Indiana Democrats term him, but he is as persistent and inevitable as any physical force that we happen to think of. Wherein has gravitation anything on Mr. Bryan?

WHEN a scornful union man interrupted a Socialist tea party to quote a red-flag utterance from Karl Marx, a voice cried, "That's an isolated quotation; it doesn't mean anything." That is very likely true; but it is precisely these isolated utterances that the half-baked Selig Silversteins seize upon. When a Socialist authority like Karl Marx writes about "exciting hatred and contempt for all existing institutions," and about waging war against "religion, country, state and patriotism," the low-browed fanatic takes him at his word and manufactures a bomb to throw at the police. A high-brow like Mr. Robert Hunter or Mr. English Walling may know that Marx "doesn't mean anything," but these are not the people that the law has to deal with.



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

"Suppose they should make me wear it for four years more!"

IF THE distinguished churchmen who are disputing about the divine origin of Christ would practise what they preached, and induce other people to practise it, it would make no difference, pragmatically, what his origin was. A faithful following of the teachings of Christ would be a splendid basis for a great religious movement, and we have often wondered why somebody does not start such a religion. A great many people would be very glad to join it.

TRUTH is funnier than comic supplements. —*The World.*

And it doesn't have to be so awfully funny at that.

ONE BY ONE our fond illusions leave us. The Beef Trust has dealt a staggering blow to the tradition that hard times mean low prices. Hard times are not with us, or the law of supply and demand does not regulate the price of meat—one or the other is true.



THE sky with gray was overcast,
The birds were seeking shelter;
And from the heavens pouring fast
The drops came helter-skelter.
No respite promised, south to north,
As sop for one's repining—
When I saw Nancy tripping forth,
And straight the sun was shining!

The sky was blue, and blithe the air;
All glorious the weather.
I hastened out. We'd make a pair
Enjoying spring together!
Huzza! But, ah! I slacked that stride,
From further hope abstaining.
Another man had reached her side!
Well—ginger, how 'twas raining!

Edwin L. Sabin.

GREAT!

"YES," remarked the Japanese,
"we regard ourselves as your
friends, but yet, in case of an emer-
gency we could throw half a million
men into America within three months,
and have them in Chicago in two more
months. What do you think of that?"

"Splendid," replied the citizen of
Chicago. "That would make a magnificent
addition to our population."



THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

ALL the world's a street car. Some few who get
in early have comfortable seats. That
is to say, they are comfortable for
those who do not mind seeing so many
about them who are uncomfortable.
Most of the people have to hang
to the straps, if there are straps
enough to go 'round.

Besides these, there are others who do
not even get inside the door, though the tempera-
ture be chilly and the wind keen. These, however,
are in clover beside those who must content them-
selves with hanging on the step and who must get
on and off to accommodate all the rest.

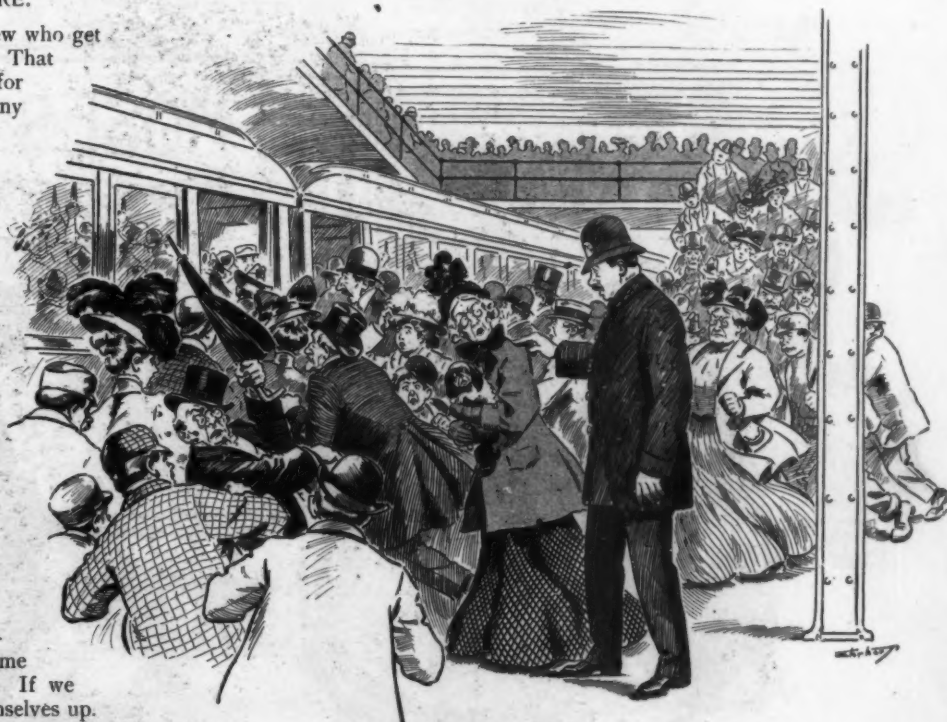
But all these people at least succeed in getting
somewhere, and consequently their lot is much better
than those who stand on the corner and wildly sig-
nal in vain for the crowded vehicle to take them on;
who must be content with sucking their thumbs
while the car whizzes by.

Let us not forget the luckless wights who are
neither inside the car nor safe on the corner, but
who are under the wheels of the juggernaut—those
whose lives are violently crushed out that the rest of
us may not miss our engagements.

All the world's a street car. Some power not our-
selves keeps it going regardless of our wishes. Some
power not ourselves comes around and levies a tax. If we
are smooth we avoid this tax, but things even themselves up.

Sometimes there is a strike on the line, and then we are all panic-
stricken at the thought of having to walk, but even then we get there
somehow. All the world's a street car, and all the men and women
simply passengers.

Ellis O. Jones.



LUCKY DOG!

S. P. C. A. Cop (sternly).—You can't take that dog in that
crush, Madam.

**If everybody minded his own business we wouldn't hear so much about
people being overworked.**

PUCK

VISITING.



VISITING has ever been a form of discomfort.

Your friend—who has a new home, a lately replenished library, a unique garden or something which represents money enough to make him vain in its possession—cannot rest until he has dragged you from a happy home to cater to this feeling of vanity.

As for yourself, you put it off as long as possible. Of course you want to go. The thought of not having been able to get to see him has, you assure him, filled you with perpetual gloom. But circumstances over which you have had no control have forbidden. All this you assert until the fatal moment arrives when you realize that no further subterfuge is possible. And with many protestations of anticipatory delight you start off.

Your friend meets you at the station with his auto. He explains its workings, its superiority over all others, as you proceed back. If it breaks down on the way—as is more than likely—he smiles brightly. Such a thing has never happened before. He knows of course what the cause was. He mentions it carelessly, thereby implying that it was of so little consequence that it was scarcely worth while to avoid it.

You arrive at his house. Filled with enthusiasm and reveling in a new victim, he proceeds forthwith to drag you over its weary length, before you have had time to change your shoes.

"Fine room this!" he exclaims with a burst of honest pride. And so on. By and by, when he is getting tired, his wife, like a relay pony, takes up the lecture where he leaves off.

So plastic are we that at the time, by a sort of fictitious warmth, you really seem to be enjoying yourself.

You exclaim in wonder over the fact that you have been so long in getting there. And when at last a week later you reluctantly leave, you tell him with tears in your eyes that you had the time of your life.

It is only when once more you find yourself joyfully in your own humble apartment with its faithful bed, whose very imperfections have endeared themselves to you, that you cry out in deep



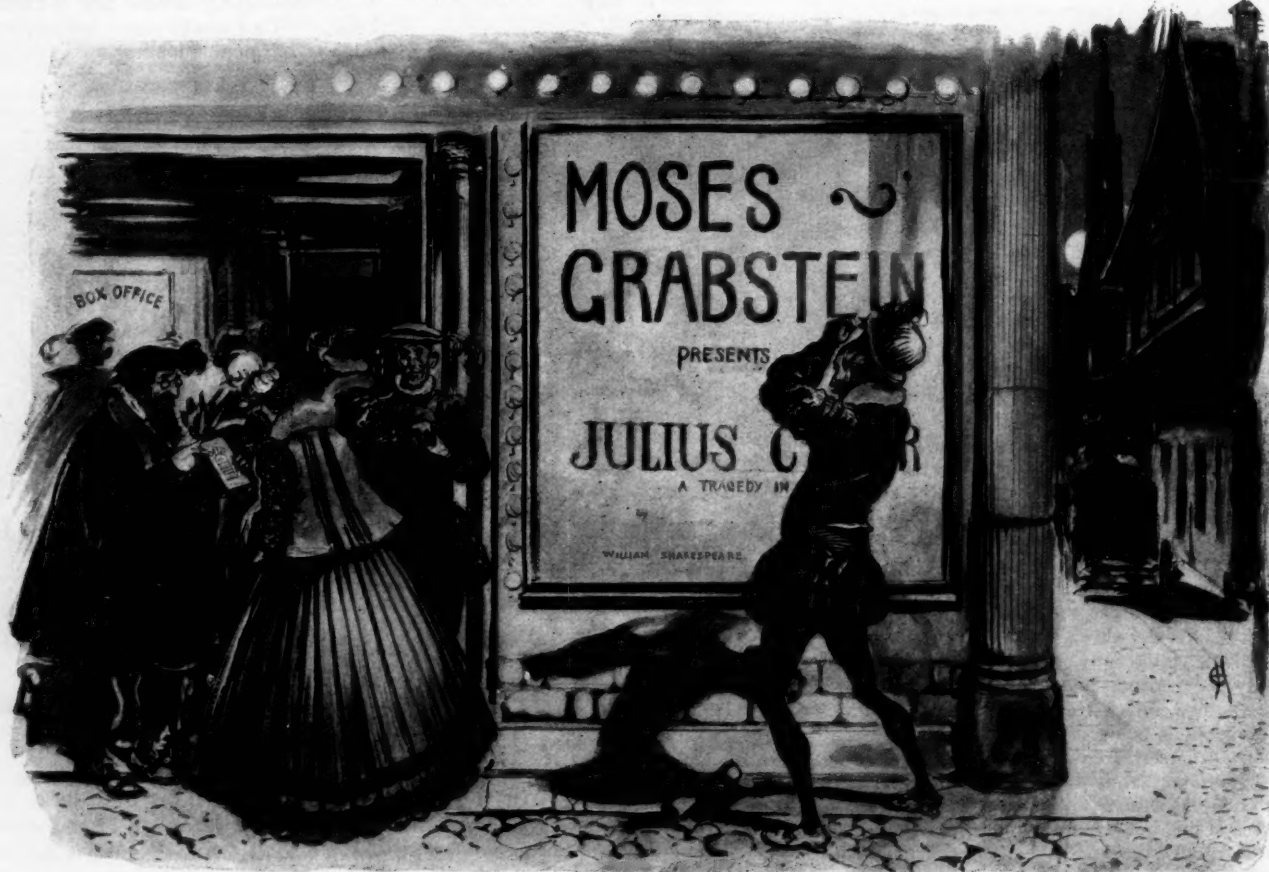
A HANDY HABIT.

PARSON COLE.—How does yo' account foh de mighty strange actions o' dem fowls o' yourn, Brudder Wilyums?

MR. WILYUMS.—Why, yer see, Parson, we moves so often, we does, dat dem chickens am trained t' lay down an' cross deir legs fo' t' git tied.

gladness, "Thank God it's over, for after all there's no place like home!"

T. L. Masson.



ON A SHAKESPEARE FIRST NIGHT.

THE IMMORTAL BARD (after the first sharp shock).—Oh, well, I s'pose an author's lucky to get his name on the bill-board at all.

TO MATINEE GIRLS:
A WARNING.



HIS SENTIMENTS ON.

THE STAR.—Ah, meh soul,
meh heart of hearts, what can I say
to convince you of meh unquenchable
love! As I gaze into your * * * ever to
cherish * * * true till death do us * * * so on ad matinecum.

HIS SENTIMENTS OFF.

THE STAR'S ATTORNEY.—Your honor,
my client enters no protest against the
divorce itself, but he claims, your honor,
that to pay alimony at the rate of twenty
dollars per week would be a severe hardship
to him, inasmuch as his average weekly
income is but three hundred dollars.

FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION.

THE many friends of the Hon. John P. and Mrs. Angeline Mae
Bilderback congratulate them most heartily on the celebration
of their tenth wedding anniversary, which occurred last Wednes-
day night. The Hon. John P. has been a devoted husband and
ideal lover to his delicate wife—a human lily drooping on the
stem, needing his constant support as the clinging vine needs the

sturdy oak, yet cleaving closer to him all the while,
becoming nearer and dearer and more inseparable as the
years roll by. He is also a candidate for re-election
to the legislature, and in no uncertain tones
brands, as a malicious lie and a hellish fabri-
cation originated by some unscrupulous
demon in human form who desires to
handicap him in his candidacy, the
diabolical story that his wife is about
to sue him for divorce because he
blackened her eye. The Hon. John
P. declares emphatically that his
beloved helpmeet inadvertently

blackened her own eye
while splitting the regular
morning kindlings. He
will lecture to-morrow
night at the skating rink
on the burning political
issues of the day, and
officiate with his usual bon-
homie upon the following
night as interlocutor of the
amateur minstrel entertain-
ment in the Methodist church
for the benefit of the organ
fund, and of course stands
ready at all times to act in his
regular capacity as Polkville's most popular auctioneer and
most expert undertaker.



LABOR TROUBLES.

CAPITAL.—What made you so late, sir?
LABOR.—I couldn't help it, sir. I mis-
laid my paper cap.
CAPITAL.—You should be more careful,
sir. Suppose I should mislay my plug-
hat and white whiskers.

Tom P. Morgan.

HIS TITLE.

THE shade became so intolerable that Satan had to rebuke
him.

"You swell round here as if you owned the place!"
quoth the father of lies, severely.

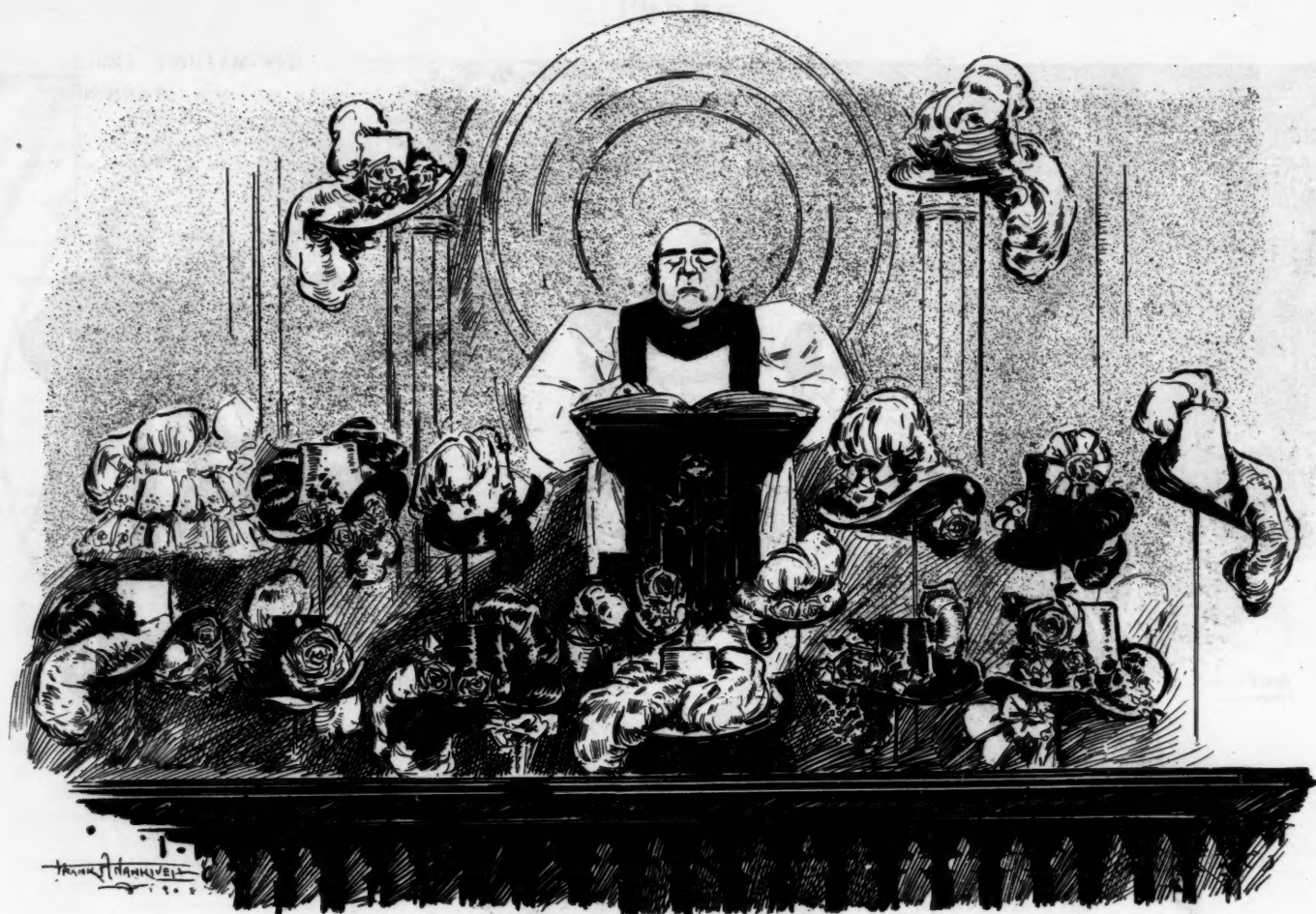
"Certainly," replied the shade. "Why not? My wife
gave it to me before we had been married six months."
"Your wife?"

"Yes, sir, my wife; and if you don't think it was hers to give,
she'll happen along herself, one of these days, and you two can
argue it out between yourselves."



THE PHILANTHROPIC HEN.

"Poor old man! I wish I could do more for him, but I've laid
him an egg so he's sure of one meal anyhow."

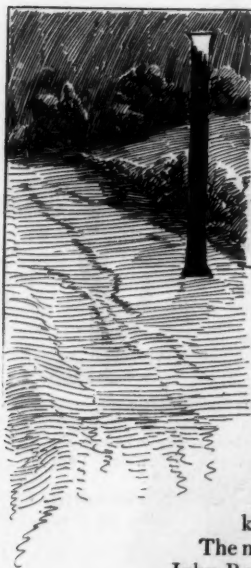


EASTER DECORATIONS.

NOVEL AND EFFECTIVE ARRANGEMENT FOR ANY UP-TO-DATE CHURCH.

THE EPISODE OF ALEXANDER.

(A Hired Man Drama in One Intense Act.)



IT WAS snowing from a leaden sky, and raw cold pinched men's veins on that morning, or John Roger's wife Mehitable never would have allowed Alexander to enter the kitchen. Alexander looked like almost any tramp, except that he wore spats which once had been elegant. Aside from the spats, he was not dressy. His nose was red (where it was not blue), and his hands were calloused on the outer rather than on the inner surface; some grime attached to his person, and one could tell at first blush that he dallied with a shaving-brush less than eight times a week. However, Alexander's teeth chattered with the cold, his voice wheezed like a car wheel going around a frosty iron-bound curve, and—he asked for bread. John Roger's wife, Mehitable, gave him beans in addition and a place to sit by the stove. Her thin, keen Yankee face, and her own somewhat sharp and rasping voice betrayed something of compassion in spite of her.

"Looking for work, be ye?" she asked, pouring a teakettle of hot water over her breakfast dishes at the sink.

The man at the stove swallowed some beans and said, "No'p."

John Roger's wife Mehitable raised her glasses from her fifty-five-year-old eyes in astonishment, and turned to stare at her guest. "Well, ef yeou ain't got cheek—who be ye?—What's yeour name?—Where dew ye come from?"

"Name's Alexander; come from a distance; got a lame shoulder; wuz all tore to pieces 'while ago—ain't lookin' fer no work; can't." Evidently Alexander did not wish to be misunderstood on this score.

"Well," said his questioner, "yeou tell the trewth, 'n' that's something unusual for tramps!" She faced him, arms akimbo, nose tilted on high, and her thin lips puckered in quizzical humor.

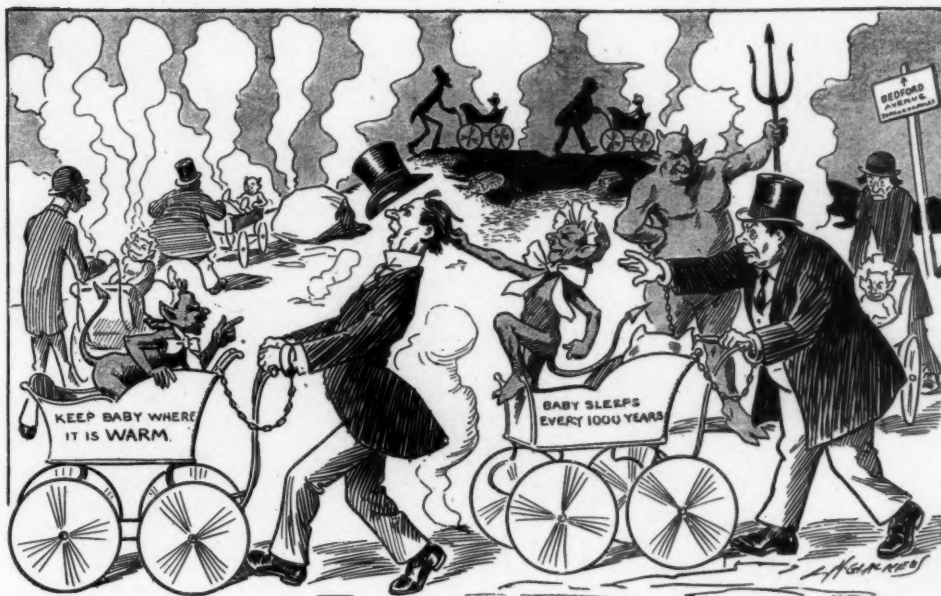
Alexander merely looked modest and ate more beans.

Alexander stayed the day. Both John Rogers and his wife Mehitable were agreed that Alexander's shoes were in no shape for a snow-storm. It was a heavy storm. When night closed in upon them, all three sat in wonderment by the fireside—Alexander wondering what he had run against, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers wondering what had possessed them to start a poor-house annex for one lone loafer. Alexander had eaten well during the day, but had manifested no interest, however slight, as to woodpile, churn, or chores. His nonchalance and his fine acceptance of Heaven's bounties was so very beautiful, so perfectly artistic, as the hours had passed, that a certain hypnotic spell was cast upon Mrs. Mehitable Rogers when bedtime came. Fancy this picture: Alexander, with his unworthy shoes and ornate spats, thrust in conspicuous comfort upon the second round of a green-painted wooden kitchen chair; Alexander's back to the goodly heat of the wood-fire, his eyes dreamy, his hands masterfully resting upon the arms of the old-fashioned cushioned rocker in which he sits; Mr. John Rogers taking off his own boots with a bootjack, a saucer of tallow at hand wherewith to grease the boots, a grim smile half concealed amongst his plentiful whiskers; standing beside the mantel-piece, where the sputtering kerosene-lamp threw fantastic shadows from beneath its shade upon her face, is Mehitable, wife of John Rogers; without, the wind howls mercilessly; snow is seen to be banked against the kitchen windows; at this moment an unusually heavy blast beats upon the old house, which fairly rocks upon its foundations; Alexander breathes a long sigh of contentment; Mrs. John Rogers now slowly lights a second kerosene lamp; Mr. John Rogers begins greasing his boots; there is a sudden sound as of some heavy body falling against the door, a muffled moan is heard; Alexander looks alarmed; Mr. Rogers dashes to the door in his stocking feet and flings it open to the wintry blast; a blinding cloud of snow envelops all the *dramatis personae*. The gentleman who had fallen against the door is lifted to his feet; Alexander gives a hoarse cry; it is his long-lost brother, who carries in his valise \$500,000, to which he and Alexander are joint heirs—at least, this is the way they work it in rural drammer.

Beastly clevah, by Heck!

Fred. Ladd.

In heaven, we suppose, we shall hear Italians sing without it costing us a red cent.



HELLISH NOTIONS.

THE BROOKLYNITE'S IDEA OF ETERNAL TORMENT.

THE CURRENCY BILL.

NOW, Jones was a man of a marvellous mind,
To which nothing was foreign or strange.
He could talk by the hour, with singular power,
On topics the widest in range.
There was nothing in heaven and nothing on earth
That baffled his toppiece until
He rashly one day, in a confident way,
Attempted the Currency Bill.

The Tariff to Jones was as plain as a pike,
He threaded its mazes with ease;
While the weight of the stars and the ditches on Mars
Were trifles for afternoon teas.
The color-line problem, the armor-belt row,
He discussed with exceptional skill.
But his brain had a storm when he tried to inform
His friends on the Currency Bill.

That got him! His mind was reduced to a pulp,
All crumpled the cells of his brain.
They took him away in a wagon one day
To a place for the cureless insane.
Here he sits on a bench and makes figures and things,
And his friends may obtain, if they will,
From this bug financier a remarkably clear
Account of the Currency Bill. *B. L. T.*

THE BETTER PART.

THREE old men having met, by chance,
It was but natural that they should
fall into some comparison of their several
achievements.

"In seventy years," said the first, "I have
amassed a hundred millions of dollars."

"But I, during an equal span," said the
second, "have written one hundred novels,
each of which sold more than a hundred
thousand copies."

A slight smile, as of disdain, curled the
lip of the third old man. "During seventy
years," said he, "I have digested my food."

The others were too overcome to speak. They could only
wring his hand, in silent acknowledgment that the palm was his.

DOUBLE-CROSSED.

THE DAFFODIL.—Great Petals! Rosey, old chap, what happened
you? Got the spotted fever?
THE ROSE (fiercely).—I've been Burbanked, that's all!

UNMADE HISTORY.

A.D. 1915 was a period of turmoil and
uncertainty, for it was the year of
the great strike of authors, or, to give them
their formal title, the Federation of Liter-
ary Fellers.

The history of labor troubles affords
no instance of a stubborn contest. The
publishers, having banded themselves to-
gether in a strong guild, cut the compen-
sation of writers, at one stroke and with-
out warning, from 5 cents per word to
\$500 per thought, and you can imagine
the dismay, nay, the despair of literati,
thus brought face to face with want.

The public divided its sympathies.
Some declared, vindictively, that authors
deserved no better than to starve,
while others, touched with
pity, thought they ought
rather to be taken out
and shot.

Many pathetic
tales of suffering
were told. Several
famous writers quit
writing and were instantly
suffocated by their output
striking in. Others, when
they tried to stop the wheels
in their heads, were caught in the gear-
ing and terribly mangled.

The upshot was a compromise, or
gentlemen's agreement, after months of
intolerable confusion. The publishers
restored the old rate of 5 cents per word,
on the authors giving their word of honor
never to go more than ten thousand words without thinking.

Ramsay Benson.



HIS OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT.

"You allege cruel and inhuman treatment?" inquiringly said the
attorney. Just tell me, please——"

"Yes, sir!" snapped the feminine and sharp-featured petitioner
for a divorce. "Why, actually, whenever I try to start an argument
with him, he grins and agrees with me!"



THE FLETCHERIZED FAMILY.

SNAPSHOTTED IN THE ACT OF CHEWING EACH MOUTHFUL
THIRTY-SEVEN TIMES.



THE PUCK PRESS

SETTIN' TI
GETTING THE HEN ON

PUCK



SETTIN' TIME.
SETTING THE HEN ON THE JOB.

HINTS FOR ANGLERS.

EVERY trout fisherman should tie his own flies. During the winter months save a quantity of small feathers—those secured at your boarding-house while eating the regular Sunday hen-dinner will do. Feathers from the neck and wings are best—you find no trouble in securing an abundant supply. You will also need some silk thread—that imported direct from China is best; snells, hooks and yarn. Good fishing-yarns can be secured most anywhere. In tying your fly, try to imitate nature; your first fly will probably look like a cross between a doodle-bug and a new French hat, but no matter—that's the way they all look.

To be sure of a good trout-rod, select straight pieces of imported greenheart and season well. Secure a set of carpenter's tools, some wax, ferrules, etc.,—then buy a cheap rod.

A creel or basket is not absolutely necessary. Still, they are fashionable, if useless, and will be extensively worn this Spring by many anglers.

A good landing-net can be made from a feed-sack and a barrel hoop. Such a net will be sure to get the fish, if the brook is small and you set it well.

The pocket bait-can can be made of any material so long as it will hold wet goods. It should fit the rear pocket and hold not less than 15-16ths of a quart. But the more the merrier.

A pair of good wading-boots can easily be made from cheesecloth, cut out and sewed on the machine. This cloth, if treated with some good water-proof material, will make an excellent pair of light waders. They are fully as effective as the usual form of boots.

The fly-fisherman's coat should always contain a secret recep-



THE LIT'RY SWEAT SHOP.

FAIR VISITOR.—Why, I had no idea that novels were written in this way.

FOREMAN OF SIX-BEST-SELLER FACTORY.—Oh, yes; at these machines they punch in the plots; across the room they stitch in the description; the dialogue is put in by hand, and the whole then goes to the finishing room where it is sawed into chapters.

tical for angle-worms. The worms come in mighty handy when the other fishermen are out of sight and you are anxious to catch trout. After a goodly catch on worms, several "killing" flies should be conspicuously displayed in the hat for inspection by your comrades who want to know what "flies" you caught the fish on.

Use your own good judgment in selecting the reel. Remember that the Virginia reel is rather too large and cumbersome for trout-fishing. The old-fashioned "rye-reel," which has been used since the days of Isaac, will be the favorite again this season.

In "striking" the fish, the new "clean-break" rules will apply this year instead of the Queensbury. Do not grieve when a fish "breaks the water"—nature will take care of itself.

D. C. Shafer.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.



MANAGING EDITOR (daily newspaper).—Very sorry, of course, madam; but the details of your son's suicide cannot be kept out of the paper. We look at matters from a standpoint of news. Our duty to the public, etc., etc.



SAME PERSON (to large department store proprietor).—Why, certainly, sir, we'll kill the item. You mean that complaint about your blocking the streets with packing boxes? Yes, sir. I'll attend to the matter personally, etc., etc.



**A BOTTLED DELIGHT
Club Cocktails**

PEOPLE who know what a good cocktail really is have given up the idea of mixing their own drinks, and keep a bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS always on hand. CLUB COCKTAILS relieve you of all the fuss and trouble of preparation. They are always ready for use; and a *measure-mixed* CLUB COCKTAIL makes a vastly better drink than any made-by-guesswork drink could ever be. Try a bottle.

Seven kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan, (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London



PEARS' SOAP

was beautifying complexions when George the Third was King, and before the great historic event of modern times, the French Revolution

THE
Leading Toilet Soap of Two Centuries

Now As Always Woman's Best Beautifier



THAT was indeed a period of revolutions, and the revolution that was effected in the manufacture of Soap by the introduction of PEAR'S SOAP was so memorable that it established a new and permanent standard in Toilet Soaps, and one that it has been impossible to improve upon in all the years that have since elapsed.

PEAR'S SOAP was a scientific discovery that represented hygienic perfection, and provided beauty with a simple preservative that has had no equal from that day to this.

We have it on the testimony of the most famous beauties, and of leading scientists, doctors, and specialists, from the Georgian to the Edwardian period, that PEAR'S SOAP is the most potent of all aids to natural beauty—the beauty that alone can fascinate—the beauty of a soft, velvety, refined complexion.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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you are
worn out.

You can't
insure when
you are
dying.

The New
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More Life
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INSURE NOW

If the future of your wife, your daughters, your sons, yourself—is to be provided for—the best time to make that provision is NOW.

The longer you put it off the harder it will be. The easiest time to insure is NOW.

**WRITE TODAY
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The Low Cost will
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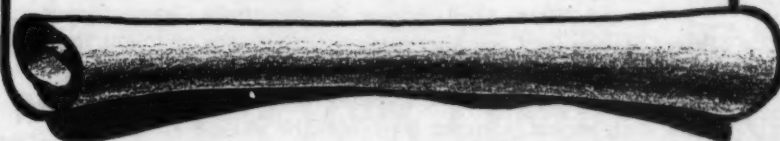
State age, nearest birthday, and occupation.

The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Dept. P. HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.



I Want You to Try My Razor

If you are still depending upon the barber or old-fashioned razor you are in the same category with the man who climbs ten flight of stairs when there is an elevator in the building.

You are not only like him — losing time — which is money — but you are also losing the benefits of a clean, comfortable home shave — which is not only a great convenience but also economical. With the "Gillette" the most inexperienced man can remove, without cut or scratch, in three to five minutes, any beard that ever grew.

My razor is always ready, **No Stropping. No Honing.** No other razor so durable. The "Gillette" will last a lifetime. Blades so inexpensive, when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

I have spent years in perfecting this razor, which gives you the best possible shave at home or away — saving you time, money and endless inconvenience.

Over two million men know how well I have succeeded. I want you to enjoy the benefits of my razor. All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it. Get it to-day.

King Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades — 24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case, and the price is \$5.00.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered, refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

262 Times Bldg. New York. 262 Kimball Bldg. BOSTON. 262 Stock Exchange Bldg. Chicago.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

ALL-RAIL TO CAPE MAY BY DELAWARE RIVER BRIDGE.

Easter will be celebrated at Cape May this year as never before. The opening of the new Hotel Cape May is the reason. This handsome million dollar structure built of steel, brick, and stone, is six stories high and absolutely fireproof. It has every convenience and luxury of the newest city hotels, besides a most desirable feature which they lack — hot and cold salt and fresh water in each of its 150 bathrooms. It is splendidly located, two hundred feet from the ocean, with a matchless ocean view.

In front of the hotel stretches the seven-mile boardwalk and the fine ocean boulevard, and back of it is the magnificent harbor and the golf course.

The climate of Cape May at this season is exceptionally enjoyable, being mild but bracing and highly tempting to out-of-door exercise.

The Hotel Cape May opened April 11th, and will remain open the entire year.

In order to better accommodate the increased travel, the Pennsylvania Railroad is operating a train, in each direction, between Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, and Cape May, by the Delaware River Bridge Route. It leaves Broad Street Station, on and after April 11th, every week-day, at 4.02 P. M. and arrives at Cape May at 6.02 P. M.; returning leaves Cape May at 8.05 A. M. and arrives at Broad Street Station 10.08 A. M.

There is direct connection to and from Wildwood.

From New York there is direct connection at North Philadelphia by train leaving at 1.55 P. M., arriving Cape May 6.02 P. M.; returning leave Cape May at 8.05 A. M., arriving New York at 12.00 noon.

On and after April 12th a Sunday train leaves Broad Street Station for Cape May connecting with the midnight train from New York to Philadelphia. Returning this train leaves Cape May at 5.30 P. M., connecting with the 8.00 P. M. train from Philadelphia, arriving New York 10.30 P. M.

WRIT SARCASTICAL.

At last the mystery of Hearst's refusal to support Bryan is in a way to be cleared up. Personal motives have been alleged, and even private grudges hinted, but such suspicions were all along unworthy. Mr. Hearst's record is a guarantee that he can be influenced only by the public interest and by the highest moral considerations; and he now makes it plain that his unwillingness to help Bryan is a matter of lofty principle. In the first place, he has sorrowfully come to regard Mr. Bryan as "a self-advertiser." This alone would make it impossible for a shrinking and fastidious man like Mr. Hearst to support him. Furthermore, Mr. Bryan is now possessed of "large wealth." His income, Mr. Hearst is informed, must be as much as \$70,000 a year. Such a candidate ought to have known in advance that he would have been repugnant to one so inflexibly opposed, as is Mr. Hearst, to a rich man going into politics. — *Evening Post.*



COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY

Is better than foreign
Champagnes but costs only
half the price, as it is American
made and there is no
duty or ship freight to pay.

Served Everywhere



THE WORD "BLEND" ON A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY DOES NOT INDICATE THAT IT IS NOT A PURE WHISKEY, BUT SIMPLY MEANS THE PUTTING TOGETHER OF SEVERAL STRAIGHT WHISKIES, AND

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

EXEMPLIFIES TO WHAT HIGH DEGREE OF QUALITY AND TONE A BLENDED RYE WHISKEY MAY BE BROUGHT

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE favorite son is very likely to wake up and discover that he is only a local issue. — *Washington Star.*

THE University of Chicago's girl students think they do not receive enough attention. Cannot they sack a gum store, assail a police station to liberate a female shoplifter or do something like that to arouse popular notice and sympathy? — *Chicago Post.*



CHOPPING HIM OFF.

SELDUM FEDD.—Me and me frien' ain't no tramps, Maddim; we're a couple o' wealt'y club men, walkin' across de continent on a wager.

MRS. FLINT (*coldly*).—Hurry along, then, or you'll lose your bet.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

Don't let whiskey get the best of you! Say "Trimble" and get the Best of Whiskey.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793

RELIGION BY MOTTO.

Almost unanimously the House of Representatives has voted that the motto "In God We Trust" must go back on the gold coins, and the Senate can hardly fail to concur, and we do not believe the President will veto the act. So our nation will be religious again. Even those Representatives who never think of God except when they swear voted for pious gold. Those who trust in gold and not in God voted the lie on the coin. On or off makes no difference. The country is not a bit more God-fearing when it goes on, nor one bit less so when it goes off. Religion does not attach to temples or metals, not to Mount Gerizim or Mount Zion, for he that worships must and can worship only in spirit. Whether the motto on the coin is a lie or the truth depends on the spirit of the man who holds it. It is amazing that it is so hard to learn the lesson of our Lord at Samaria. We are not greatly impressed by the effort to inculcate religion by public mottoes. We have seen "Prepare to Meet thy God" or "Swear not at all" painted on stones by the wayside, or pasted on seals on the back of letters, but we have never heard of any conversions by such means, although we have known profanity

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

has substance. This means more shaves, more lather, and more comfort than any substitute can offer.



Nickel
Box
Hinged
Top

Mailed by us postpaid on receipt of 25c., if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for fifty shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

provoked in that way. It was not worth while to take the motto off the coins, and it is of no particular importance to put it on. An act giving citizenship to the Porto Ricans, or the removal of the tariff on Philippine sugar, would be ten thousand times as religious as this superscription, which has in it no least power to give to God the things that are God's.—*The Independent*.

HIS GREAT FAULT.

"Yes," said the would-be author, "I've taken a house in the country, but it will be necessary for me to engage a gardener. There's quite a plot of ground around the house; too much for me to handle."

"Yes," replied Crittick, "you never could handle a plot, could you?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

AND Abe Hummel lived to be discharged from prison in due order on the expiration of his sentence. He was a very sick man, it will be remembered, for a long time after his incarceration, in fact a dying man whose condition ought to have appealed even a stony-hearted pardoning governor, but it didn't.—*Detroit Free Press*.

TRADE MARK

FRAGRANT and Delicious

Does not Bite the Tongue

LUCKY STRIKE
R. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
RICH'D. VA.

IN the Spring a Smoker's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of jolly outings with his friendly pipe. Twice blest is that man who selects

LUCKY STRIKE Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Wind does not blow it out of the bowl, the smoke is cool and satisfying, and its fragrance wins it favor with non-smokers. In handy, evenly cut slices.

Pocket Size, Tin Box, 10c.

You Will find it Everywhere

Buy a Box Today

AS TO MUCK.

Some day the muck-raker will be justly written up. He was, in fact, a most modest person, bespectacled, of studious mien and deliberate habit, thinking only, methodically, of his humble daily task. Plying his garden implement, in umbrageous and homely industry, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a raging band who delivered the astounding charge that he was digging up the foundations of society. Ever since he has been pondering the experience in round-eyed and dumb amazement.

To depreciate the power of the press does not exactly lie in the way of our trade. But no writings did it; nor yet did Roosevelt do it. There was nothing new. Every oppressive practice of the oil trust was fully stated a dozen or more years ago by Henry D. Lloyd. Corruption and extravagance in life insurance were all brought out in the Beers case. Rotten city politics was a commonplace to everybody. Railroad rebates were as much within common knowledge as the change of the seasons. Harriman's manipulation of Union Pacific was a quite conservative piece of business compared with McLeod's well-known manipulation of Reading. The spirit of the nation was ready this time. It would have flamed out against the sins of business and politics, anyway.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN proposes to balk the ticket speculator by the simple process of not letting him have tickets with which to speculate. Strange nobody had thought of this.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 28 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark. San Francisco, Cal. 2900 Sacramento St. Denver, Col. West Haven, Conn. Washington, D. C. 211 N. Capitol St.	Dwight, Ill. Marion, Ind. Pittsfield, Ind. Des Moines, Ia. Crab Orchard, Ky. Lexington, Mass.	Portland, Me. Grand Rapids, Mich. 205 S. College Ave. Omaha, Neb. Cor. Cass & 25th Sts. North Conway, N. H.	Buffalo, N. Y. White Plains, N. Y. Greenboro, N. C. Fargo, N. D. Philadelphia, Pa. 512 N. Broad St. Harrisburg, Pa.	Pittsburg, Pa. 4216 Fifth Ave. Providence, R. I. Waukegan, Wis. Toronto, Ont., Canada. Winnipeg, Manitoba. London, England.
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THREE HOURS ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Pallades, West Point, Catskill Mountains, Mohawk Valley, Niagara Falls, Great Lakes.



ARROW COLLARS

Fit as well after laundering as before

15 cents—2 for 25 cents

Send for "Proper Dress," a style book and fashion guide.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Makers of Cluett Shirts, 483 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

STYLE NEATNESS COMFORT THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE Velvet Grip CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

FEMININE.

"And now, ladies," concluded the lecturer on woman's rights to her down-trodden sisters, "I am ready to answer any questions."

"Would you mind telling us," ventured one fair auditor, "where you got that perfect love of a hat?" — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

In connection with the restoration of confidence, just note that the Union Pacific directors refused to let certain stockholders bring suit against Mr. Harriman et al. — *Indianapolis News*.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all affections of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

DR. SIEGERT'S **ANGOSTURA BITTERS**

"Purveyors to H. M. the German Emperor and King of Prussia." DR. SIEGERT'S, the only Genuine. Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

"YOUR HEALTH!"

is a toast that really means something when ANGOSTURA BITTERS is served. A liqueur glass before meals and on retiring lends tone to the stomach and stimulates the appetite. A tonic of exquisite flavor. Delicious with grape-fruit, lemonade, water-ices, cut fruits, lemon and wine jellies. 25 awards at Principal Expositions. Originated 1824.

Send for free book of recipes and complete mixing guide. J. W. WUPPERMANN, 44 West 84th Street, New York

THE congressman who declares that President Roosevelt's "big stick" is only a shillalah shows a lamentable ignorance of the aggressive virtues of the latter weapon. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"A MAN'S debts may prove his worth," says T. B. Shonts, speaking of his son-in-law, the Duc de Chalmes. "It takes a good man to get into debt and live comfortably." It certainly is true that the duc is living comfortably, but we understand there is considerable discomfort among his creditors. — *Chicago Post*.

WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP

HERE ARE A FEW of the many reasons why you should always say—"4711 White Rose" when you buy soap. It is real, pure glycerine soap—not glycerine in name only—and you do not need to be told the soothing and beneficial effect of glycerine on the skin. Its perfume has no equal and leaves behind a very delicate and refined odor.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne a/R, Germany
U. S. Branch, MÜLHENS & KROPPF
298 Broadway New York, N.Y.
Send 15 cts. in stamps for full size sample cake

It would be easier if European monarchs would consent to come over here and pick out their own diplomatic talent. — *Washington Star*.

A CHICAGO woman says we should think in curves in order to be beautiful. And yet how few of our baseball pitchers are beautiful. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A NEW YORK man built a boat in an upper story of a hotel and now finds he cannot get his craft out of the building. Why not form a stock company for the hotel and float the whole thing? — *Chicago Post*.



IN WALL STREET.

ONE GAMBLER.—You wearing field glasses down here, too?
ANOTHER.—Yep; it's a habit I got at the track.
ONE GAMBLER.—Me, too. It's just superstition, but I never place a dollar on a stock unless I have 'em on.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

THE Illinois Republicans finally agreed to be satisfied with a "revision" instead of an "adjustment" of the tariff, but only with the definite understanding, of course, that it was to be by its friends. — *Indianapolis News*.

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

have made their reputation; but they do not depend upon it. They stand upon their present merits.



\$60,000 Value Given Away

THERACYCLE has 77 lbs. less pressure on its crank hanger, 1/4 less strain on chain, it runs and climbs hills easier than other bicycles. Is the largest selling high-grade wheel in the world. Will last a lifetime. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can get yours AT FACTORY PRICES by securing us an agent. Catalog and pamphlet sent FREE. It tells about the RACYCLE and how to get the \$60,000.

THE RACYCLE MANUFACTORY, MIDDLETOWN, O.

THE pictures of a bomb-thrower invariably suggest that he was the sort of man from whom some act of desperate folly might have been expected. — *Washington Star*.

Sunny Brook THE PURE FOOD Whiskey

The wise and discriminating man selects a stimulant that he knows to be all Real Genuine Whiskey. The Government of the U. S. prints upon the "Green Stamp" which seals every bottle of

Sunny Brook Whiskey

the exact Age, Proof and Quantity of whiskey within the bottle. Its purity, mellowness and flavor comes only from perfect distilling and perfect ageing. Ask for it.

Sunny Brook Distillery Co.
Jefferson Co.
Ky.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beakman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keepers' Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Underberg

The World's Best

Bitters

A Wonderful Tonic Cordial



Same to-day as 60 years ago, and famous then. A purely vegetable liqueur, delicious, stimulating, bracing and wholly beneficial. Where used regularly good health and sociability prevail. Serve and use it daily and keep it handy for the use of all.

Enjoyable as a Cocktail
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IN HIS LINE.

"There's a wealthy Chicago pork packer backing our show," said the tragedian, "and he's apparently confident that the venture will be a success."

"Ah!" remarked the comedian, "he's got faith in his ability to make money out of hams, eh?" — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

"THE Englishman dearly loves a Lord;" but it is the American that is most willing to support him. — *Brooklyn Citizen.*

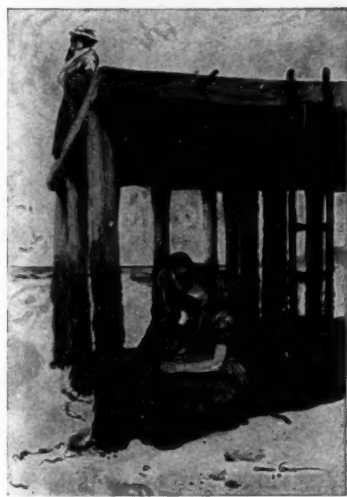
ADJECTIVAL.

William Allen White calls Speaker Cannon "a vain, stupid, arrogant old mossback." It was inevitable that sooner or later somebody would begin to tell the truth about Uncle Joe. — *The World.*

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THE WATCHFUL CHAPERON.

"I wish that young man would not take Ethel so far out."

By Gordon H. Grant.

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OPTIONAL.

PROFESSIONAL WANDERER.—Sonny, is this here town one o' them local option towns?

BOY.—Yes, sir; I guess so, sir. You can get it either at the drug store or the grocery.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

Pure
good
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RED
TOP
RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

SURE TO GET SEPARATED.

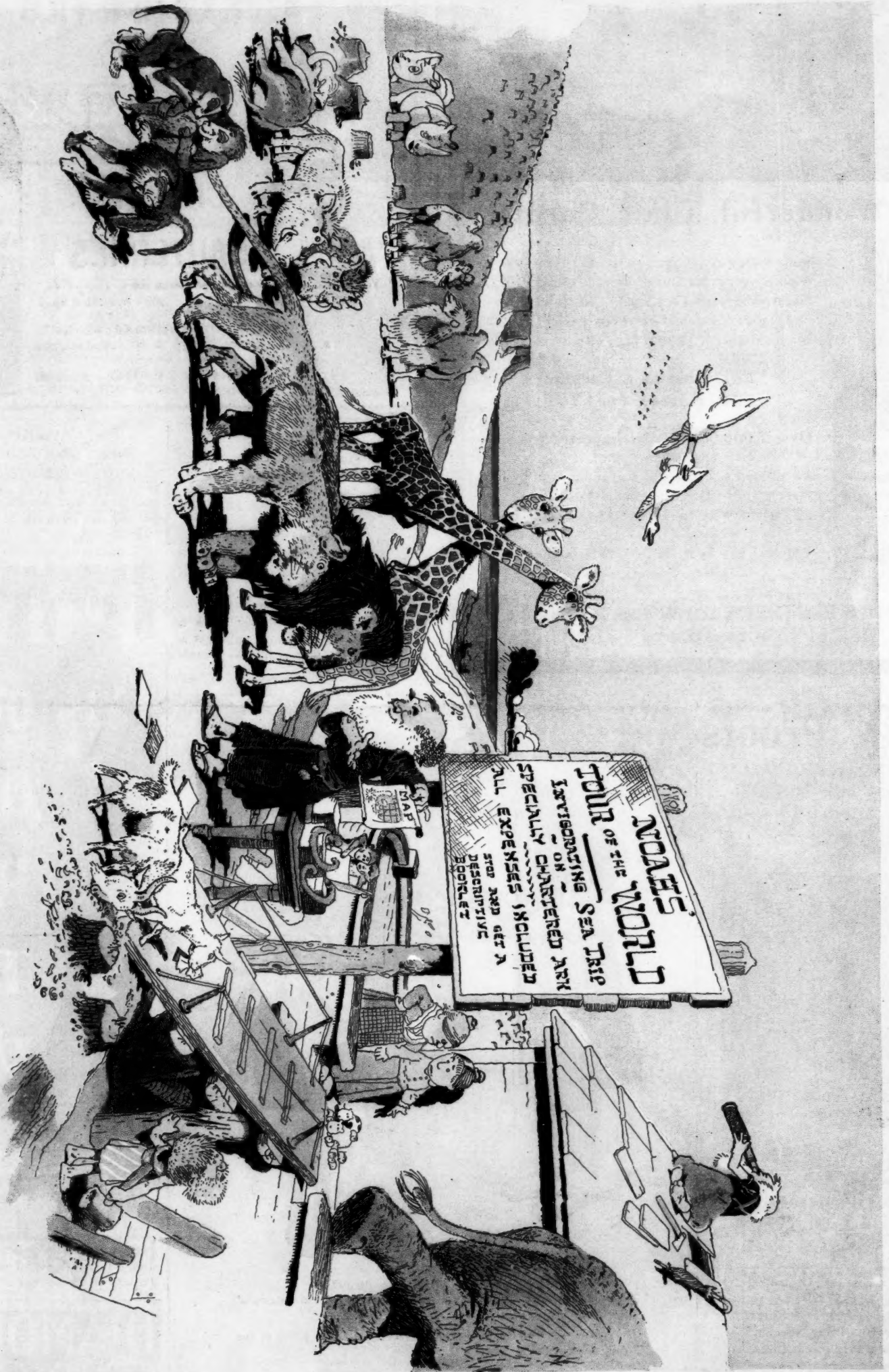
HICKS.—He's an easy mark financially, isn't he?

WICKS.—Yes. He even reads the big-type advertisement about mines and things on the financial pages of the daily papers." — *Somerville Journal.*

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ON CREDIT



You Can Own a Diamond or Watch.
We send one on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance eight monthly payments. Catalogue Free. Write To-day.
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